

The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you disposd, you quake like rebels:
O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou akingdome, all of you alleageance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:

His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,

Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now one me?
Did *Yorke*s dread curse preuaile somuch with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peeuissh brat?
Can curses pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

of Richard the Third.

Edward my sonne, which now is prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my son, which was a Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth by like vntimely violences,
Thy selfe a *Queene*, for me that was a *Queene*,
Our liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happy dayes before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands* *Queene*,
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lord *Hastings*, when my soone
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withere

Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? slay dog, for thou sh
If heauen haue any greuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worrne of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluish mark, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauy womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margret.

Qu. Ma. Richard.

Glo. Ha.

Qu. Ma. I call the not.

Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I had thought